

RESTORATION



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Holy Family, Captured In Egypt Flight, Held Behind Barbed Wire

By Eddie Doherty

In another column in this issue, Catherine writes of displaced persons, those fortunate enough to be let into Canada.

But there are millions of whom she does not write. We see pictures of some of these, groups of families, homeless, desperately poor, footsore with travel, beaten, shut up behind barbed wire, and kept apart from Christianity by machine guns and men in uniform—the wanderers no nation will accept.

Their plight brings back to me words I wrote some little time ago in a book called "Splendor of Sorrow."

The Ass plods slowly through the sand, breaking the silence only with his tired breath. Joseph coaxes him to a faster pace with friendly words and soft caressings; but the beast does not respond. "Rest then, a moment," Joseph bids him. "We must not overtax your strength. We have sore need of it."

Joseph has walked a hundred miles and more through sand and dust and flinty stones and clinging brush and brier. Blistering heat he has endured, and blinding sand storms, and freezing night winds, but there is no weariness in him, nor thirst nor hunger, nor the need of sleep. There is in him only fear, and ache of heart, and boundless responsibilities and love.

He looks at Mary and the Child, and there is comfort for them in his face, and a holy wonder. Mary looks at him with pity, noting the sag of his strong shoulders, the droop of his arms, the heaviness in his head. She watches him chafe his hands. They must be numb with the cold. Even she, forced to wear his heavy mantle above her robes, has felt the lash of the desert night wind.

The Child stirs in her arms, and she bends her head to His. The red-gold moon that has followed them all through the night haloes their two heads. And the stars that wheel above them, so bright they seem covered with frost, swoop low to see their Maker.

His head rests against her breast. Her breath stirs the fine silk of His hair, making it glitter. His breath blows on her neck. His sweet, warm, thrilling breath . . . He is a Child flying into Egypt, steal-

ing at night through a desert empty and lonely as a church. There is no church, except the shaggy beast that carries Him, no tabernacle save His mother's arms, no sanctuary lamp except the moon.

A night bird calls, and Joseph tenses. A hare is tangled in a distant bush, and dust rises up like smoke. Fright catches in Mary's throat, and she hugs the Baby fiercely.

Every shape has menace in the night. Every rock may be a soldier. Every tree may harbor robber or wild beast. Every hill of sand may cover sacrilege in ambush. And every sound bears terror.

Every shape has menace in the night. Every rock may be a soldier. Every tree may shelter Herod. Every bush may harbor robber or wild beast. Every hill of sand may cover sacrilege in ambush. And every sound bears terror. "It is nothing," Joseph says. "We must go on. But the beast is over-laden."

The load is not too heavy. A loaf of bread. Two skins of water. A little skin of wine. A few handfuls of dates wrapped in papyrus. A strip of cloth that serves as shelter against the blast of the wind and the fury of the sun. Those who travel with Jesus travel lightly.

Only a day or so ago there was peace, and holiness, and the dearness of familiar things and customs, the soil of the prophets, the Temple wherein Father, Son, and Holy Ghost rejoiced in One Another—and in Mary and Joseph. And there was safety for the Child as well as love and adoration.

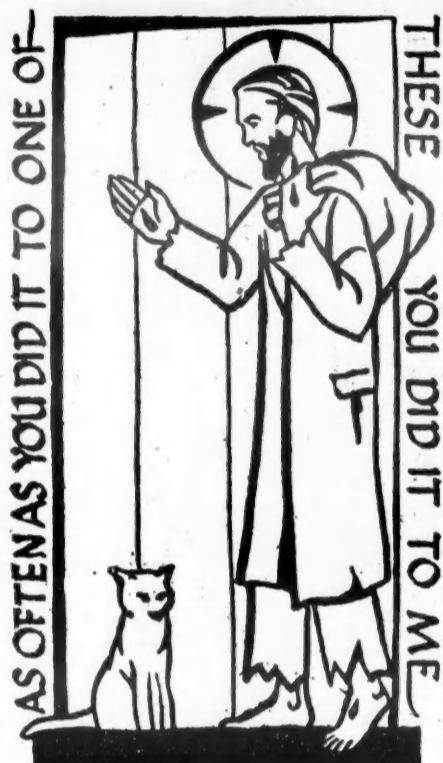
Now they must go furtively through the night, the first refugees of His Kingdom, into a nation of men who worship gods of wood and stone, a land made fertile by the tears of Israel.

What would happen to that family today?

How does that line go?—"In as much as ye have done these things to the least of my brethren—" something like that, wasn't it?

We have done these things, though.

I wonder how many of us so-called Christians, certain of attaining the Promised Land, will wake in eternity, some day, to discover we are, forever and ever, "displaced persons."



On The Credit Side

(By W. C. Dwyer)

For ten years I have been talking and writing about the credit side of things. The repetition and the work, to establish a large number of credit unions in two Provinces have earned for me all kinds of titles. My nicknames, especially those originating with people who are indifferent or opposed to the idea, are unimportant, sometimes a boost. A kick is often a boost.

I run new risks then, when I attempt to give you the story, so oft repeated, of credit unions. A story in a nut shell.

A credit union is a co-operative association of persons, united by a common bond, for the purpose of providing themselves with a convenient and sure means of saving money, and of obtaining credit, at a low rate of interest. A credit union is very effective in encouraging thrift and promoting industry among its members.

No matter who you are, you should know the general principles on which a credit union is run; how to become a member, how to bank your savings, how to make a loan, who the officers are, how they got the position, what their duties are. You are fortunate if you have a credit union in your locality. If there is no such thing in your vicinity, we'd be glad to tell you how to get one organized.

What About Banks?

It is on the tip of your tongue to ask now, why we should foster credit unions, when there are so many

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Canada's Hospitality To Displaced Persons Will Bring Blessings

By Catherine DeHueck

Strange how headlines can bring back memories, throw a bridge-span across twenty-seven years, and bring yesterday back into today.

That is what happened to me upon reading of the generous hospitality of Canada, which once more opens its doors wide to the displaced persons of the world.

For I was one of these, once upon a time. Though the veil of years may have dimmed a bit the memory of those far-away days, nothing has dimmed my infinite gratitude to this fair land, for a place

to lay my weary head on, for the gift of peace and of BELONGING. Nor have I ever ceased to be acutely aware of the infinite privilege given to me and mine. The privilege of voting, of free speech, of worship.

Since that April day in 1921, when I entered Canada for the first time, I have held all these gifts deeply enshrined in my heart, used them prayerfully for the common good of all, and endeavoured to repay her in my own humble way, constantly, this truly unrepayable debt.

It is hard for a born-Canadian to understand the mind, heart and soul of a displaced person who finally reaches this haven of refuge. Difficult to feel the terrific suspense, that one goes through before this happens—the beating of one's heart, the fear of failure at each new visit to the Consulates abroad. I remember my hands trembling as I signed paper after paper, and my voice failing—because it was too full of hope and fear.

A Name to Cherish

How can one explain the exhilaration of completion! When finally all papers are signed and in order—the sailing day fixed? Probably the "D.P.s" of today roll the name of the air-company that will fly them Canada-wards, over and over again on their tongues, as I did the name of the ship that brought me here. MINNE-DOSA, CANADIAN PACIFIC. Those were magic words, to be cherished for life. For they wove the flying carpet that was going to take me away from fears. SO MANY FEARS. Fear of Communists. Fear of hunger. Fear of imprisonment. Of death. A symphony of fears that had been playing with practical fingers on human hearts and

minds until they seemed sure to break.

But MINNE-DOSA, CANADIAN PACIFIC—broke the symphony of fears—began the hymn of love, hope and peace—and woke a thousand questions. How would it be over there? Will "they" like me? Accept me? Will I really become a Canadian eventually?

Yet fear is not easily cast out. It whispers now its croaky song, breaking into the hymn of gladness like a dirge into an Alleluia. It is of this whisper of fear I speak now. For it is real, it is tangible, and it can shatter a dream and make the future

ful.

Canadian bitter, resentful, unadaptable, even ungrate-

It is our job to exorcise this whisper, this fear. For great as is our sense of justice and charity in admitting a displaced person, it will not be complete unless WE ALSO WELCOME THEM with a warm, friendly and intelligent understanding.

It is true that our Government does much to prepare immigrants in the way of our habits, ways, mores, and governments. But perforce, just because such preparation is OFFICIAL, it lacks the simple warmth of personal contact. It is up to the people themselves, those for whom the newcomer will work, their churches, clubs and social, benevolent and religious organizations, to take up where the government left off.

Afraid for Canada

Preparation for citizenship is first and foremost a lesson of example. I remember how shocked and astonished I was in my early days to find out how lightly my Canadian hosts held their immense privilege of voting. A drizzle of rain, a gust of wind, seemed enough to keep them from the polls. I thought of the millions who could not vote, and were desolate because of it, and of other millions who were still fighting, laying down their lives for the right to put a cross against the name of a candidate of their own free choice! My heart sank, and I was afraid again . . . Afraid for Canada . . . for her future.

At first we were poor. We did not mind being poor in a free country. It made us feel rich anyhow. And there were many opportunities for those who sought them. We were ready to work. We were young, and full of hope and joy, for this was where we wanted to be . . . THIS WAS CANADA. Few Canadians

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

It must have been a soft spring day . . . the grass tender green . . . the light breeze from the lake playing caressingly, lovingly with the hair of the Lord, as sitting on a knoll, He spoke to the "Little Ones" of this world. The housemaid, the gardener, the book-keeper, you . . . me . . . whose births and deaths go unregarded and who never make the headlines.

It is to US He gave the Beatitudes, those By-Laws of Heaven. Not to a few chosen ones. No. To all. And yet look at us! How few of us can even remember how many Beatitudes there are, let alone realize that they are to be practised daily, and that without living them our entrance to heaven is very dubious.

Yet we persist in excusing ourselves to ourselves by saying that the Beatitudes, as the Counsels of Perfection, were meant for the few—the called ones, priests, monks, nuns . . . Why do we try to fool ourselves? For even if we succeed, we shan't fool God. But all this seems to be part of that modern Christian apostasy of which so many of us are guilty. Like the smug heresy of the Pharisee, it lies secretly in protestation of faith which is cynical as to its own efficacy. And still more tragic, we even lack the honesty, the courage TO EXAMINE this cancer that eats out our very souls—if indeed we have to acknowledge it is there.

Still . . . piercing the centuries, the gentle voice of Christ pursues us. BLESSED ARE THEY WHO HUNGER AND THIRST FOR JUSTICE, FOR THEY SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Here is the answer to our search for peace, which is the fruit of justice . . . for happiness . . . for all the things our hungry human hearts cry out for in the night of our atomic age.

To be hungry and thirsty for justice, true justice, means to be hungry and thirsty for God Himself . . . means to see Him in our fellow men, and to try to assuage that burning hunger, that all consuming thirst, in being JUST . . . to all.

True justice walks in Charity, whose other name is Love, walks firmly but softly, remembering always that though theologically Charity preceeds Justice, sociologically Justice preceeds charity, for as the Holy Father says, "Charity cannot take over until Justice has had her fill . . ."

Can you imagine the social revolution that this Beatitude would bring, even in our revolutionary days, if christians PRACTICED IT! ! Like the fire from whence it came . . . the great fire of Love, it would sweep the world. It would change the social order, bring peace, happiness, convert our enemies . . . make men whole again, and restore Christ's inheritance to Him. It would, at the same time, make our own salvation certain . . . FOR WE WILL BE SATISFIED, says the Lord. And what can satisfy a human heart. God Himself of course. Eternity with Him. Isn't that what we were created for? Oh for Christians with hearts aflame with the hunger and thirst for Justice!

Indeed this is the acceptable time . . . With the psalmist we can say . . . LET THE MOUNTAINS RECEIVE PEACE . . . AND THE HILLS JUSTICE . . . For we are weary, exhausted, dying, for lack of it.

Let us arise, awake . . . and begin today . . . to be so filled with thirst and hunger for this Justice of God . . . that we shall not rest . . . until we bring it to this parched earth . . . Let us do it now while there is still a little time left.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

All over the United States and Canada, priests are offering Masses for my welfare, and other friends are saying prayers for me . . . which makes the Springtime even lovelier than it is.

And I am getting well. Though some days I have not strength enough in my right arm to write so much as half a page—in a letter of thanks, or in an article for this paper—there are yet days when I dress, and venture out into this five-acre patch to see the miracles that there abound.

For I still hold it miraculous that a dead bulb, buried in the earth last year, should come up above the soil a thing of life and beauty.

where I spent so many days—and all the other hospitals I ever visited.

I was put in a four-bed room at first, because there was no other space. One of my three fellow sufferers coughed all night. Another moaned every now and then. And the third filled the night, alternatively, with long sighs and rasping snores. These men were in much greater pain than I, and they are still there, I think. One of them had a broken leg. He was the one who moaned continually. He was always in pain, it seemed, even after the hypo was administered. He lay in bed all day—and he could not read. He had never been to a school. Life to him was

pain and boredom and hopelessness. And few came to see him. And few, no doubt, ever said a prayer for him.

And the Women!

Sometimes I could hear a woman screaming—upstairs in the maternity wards. And once I heard a boy wail in agony and terror.

Sometimes I have pain, but not often. It comes and it goes. But I have so many other things to overbalance pain!

Thank you, dear friends, for all your masses and prayers, but please—when next you think to pray for me, or remember me in the Great Sacrifice—remember these others too. Remember

Bl. Martin de Porres



plants apple trees
on a barren hill

Look at the maple there. Some days ago it was gaunt and sere and cheerless as a stick. Now it has acquired a million little beads, and it stands praying all the day. In another week or two its prayers will be answered. It will have a new dress.

Look at that young pine. What a virginal green it wears. One wonders, gazing at it, why it is white that should be the symbol of virginity, and not this sweet shade of green.

When the sun shines I sit in a reclining chair outside, my face to the brightness and warmth, my head against a pillow; my eyes closed, my nostrils and my heart filled with a thousand fresh aromas. And sometimes, if there is no wind, I may walk as far as the rock-garden—or to the bridge that spans an arm of the Madawaska.

You Like Fish?

Pike are spawning beneath that bridge. And someone has set traps for muskrats—(You can see one on that sunken log, if you look carefully). And sun and shade make queer patterns on the shallow water. In some lights you can see the bottom of the river clearly.

Most of the time, though, I lie on a cot by a window overlooking the stream, and read books I never before had time to read, books written by great writers—books that make me a little sad, because, through them, I realize how poor a writer I am. Or I think of friends and relatives, the living and the dead, and give silent thanks to God for all the prayers and all the Masses said on my behalf.

And in these times I remember poignantly the Pembroke General Hospital,

all those shut up in hospitals, and asylums, and concentration camps, and jails—the suffering who see only gray walls around them, who have no visitors, who have but little hope, if any, of being well again. God bless you.

Promises of the Rosary

The following promises were made by the Blessed Virgin to Saint Dominic and Blessed Alanus:

1. To all those who will recite my Rosary devoutly, I promise my special protection and very great graces.
2. Those who will persevere in the recitation of my Rosary shall receive some signal grace.
3. The Rosary shall be a very powerful armor against hell; it shall destroy vice, deliver from sin, and shall dispel heresy.
4. The Rosary shall make virtue and good works flourish, and shall obtain for souls the most abundant divine mercies; it shall substitute in hearts love of God for love of the world, elevate them to desire heavenly and eternal goods. Oh, that souls would sanctify themselves by this means!
5. Those who trust themselves to me through the Rosary shall not perish.
6. Those who will recite my Rosary piously, considering its Mysteries, shall not be overwhelmed by misfortune nor die a bad death. The sinner shall be converted; the just shall grow in grace and become worthy of eternal life.
7. Those truly devoted to my Rosary shall not die without the consolations of the Church, or without grace.
8. Those who will recite my

The B's Corner

I have been reading a grand book with a lovely title—ROMAN RITUAL—THE BLESSINGS. Of course I know that there must be a book of blessings because priests used it in my presence now and then on solemn occasions.

But to find that the Rev. Philip T. Weller had translated them all into English, so that now the two versions, the Latin and the English, are right there for anyone, high-brow or low-brow, to read and enjoy, was more than I expected. And . . . I found out a lot of things I never knew before.

Take just the typewriter I am writing this column on . . . well I can have it blessed (and I will, for doesn't it work for the Lord?). Here is part of that blessing. Isn't it beautiful?

"O Lord God, Thou sole source of learning, Who hast condescended so to enlighten men's resourcefulness that they have invented new methods of writing and printing, bless (-) we beseech Thee, this machine. And from the writings which issue forth from it for our enlightenment, may we learn, by Thy gracious help, nothing but that knowledge, which coming from Thee, leadeth truly unto life. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen."

Now isn't this truly wonderful and consoling? There is also the blessing of a telegraph instrument—which runs into many pages—of a seismograph, a fire engine, and a railway; of seeds, herbs, fire, fowl, medicines (we would not have lying ads about all kinds of nostrums if their makers stopped to have them blessed) and many other things.

Silkworms come into it too . . . And bees . . . But greater than these are the beautiful "blessings of persons" . . . Of an expectant mother . . . Of sick children . . . Of pilgrims . . . Blessings of homes and schools . . . against floods, against pestilence. So it goes. All that man uses, all that he is, even the place where he lives, has a special blessing. Why have we forgotten this? Why don't we use these Blessings oftener. Making God, through them, a partner of our lives? If you want to see for yourself . . . get this book from the Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. You will enjoy it, nad realize better, what a joy, what a wealth, the Church really is . . . and what a loving mother!

You know something? Begging is terribly hard. I guess that is why the Lord taught it to His Apostles. It killed their pride and brought them to the level of the have-nots so despised by the world and so loved by God. I remember how hard it was for me to face the fact that I had to beg for a dress . . . or stay home . . . for the gown I had was in tatters.

That was early in the days of Friendship House in Toronto. Well, I finally screwed up enough grit to beg for the dress. But then, to put it on . . . I had never worn second-hand clothing before that, and somehow this begged dress was a symbol. It was all very well to go around talking about St. Francis and his begging and wax enthusiastic, in a sentimental sort of way, about

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COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

Many of our readers have been writing in again to ask WHAT IS MADONNA HOUSE AND WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE DOING HERE? In the previous issue I started answering. Now I continue the answer further.

It was not easy, friends, to lay aside my dream.

I had always hated cities, always loved the country. But the will of God was clearly expressed to me. The works of Friendship House must be carried out in the cities, my dream of the country notwithstanding.

Yet God is never outdone in generosity. Quite evidently He took that youthful dream of mine and laid it aside somewhere wrapped in a shining cloud. Recently He must have picked it up again. Why else should several members of the Canadian Hierarchy become suddenly interested in re-establishing Friendship House in Canada, and why else should they ask for it, IN RURAL DISTRICTS!

Madonna House lies in hallowed land. For it is said that Jean Brebeuf himself preached his first sermon in these parts, on the little field that lies at the foot of a cozy hill (now called Holy Hill) by the ever-changing Madawaska River. Be that as it may, this region is definitely and historically part of the Jesuit Martyrs' itinerary. Some day I hope my husband will trace their footsteps and record the doings of the holy Blackrobes.

Madonna House stands in beauty. The Madawaska washes its doorstep and hundred-year old pines sur-

round it with their eternal green. Hills shelter it from many winds, and the wild forbidding bush adds to its charm.

The House itself is charming. Built by a Russian architect for himself, it has an air all its own. There are six rooms in it, plus a bathroom, a porch, a good cellar with a huge furnace. There is plenty of cupboard space. To some it may seem luxurious because of the many books that line its walls, the gay modern kitchen, the knick-knacks from many lands that lend color to the rooms. It is a good house too, to have parties in for the local youth. To hold meetings in. To use for story hours for children. To be a sort of Community House for the neighborhood. We fervently hope it also will be a center of Catholic Action soon.

To me it is such a violent change from New York's Harlem, and Chicago's South Side—or its boarding house slum area—and Toronto's and Ottawa's poverty stricken districts, that I daily pinch myself to realize that IT IS I who am living amidst this beauty! I do not mind at all . . . but not at all . . . the oil lamps, the wood stoves, the gasoline pump that makes our water system go and requires so much "foot work" to get started.

Yet in the natural beauty of the country there is poverty. And poverty against such a background is doubly ugly. Like a wrong note in a perfect symphony, it shocks more deeply than the poverty in the city.

I find the same needs here as on Portland Street, Tor-

CANADA'S HOSPITALITY

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born here will ever know what a melodious word CANADA is, and what it means to a displaced person. Nor have I words myself to express what it meant to me. Everything that was good, pure, shining, worth living for and dying for!

Perhaps if Canadians could just stop here . . . and think a minute . . . they would understand how bewildered, how deeply hurt, how bitter a displaced person in their midst becomes when this glorious word "CANADA" is taken away from them, when they are beginning to cherish it so, and to dream again . . . that soon . . . very soon . . . in three more years . . . in one more . . . in a few months . . . they will be Canadians.

To be a Canadian—what a goal! Worth learning, striving, working for! At long last the GREAT DAY comes. All goes well. They have passed all examinations, sworn their oaths of allegiance . . . are accepted . . . given their Certificates of Citizenship. THEY ARE CANADIANS! Praised be the Lord. Their hearts overflow with gratitude, love, and pride.

Dirty Foreigners

And then once again, they hear the word—FOREIGNER. Perhaps it is prefaced with the adjective—DIRTY, or it is shortened to DAGO—POLACK. One has to live through this experience to know the depth and the pain of the wound. Friends, let us band these words from our vocabulary today, when Canada is overflowing with "foreigners" whose dream is to become CANADIANS. Let us never use Dago, Polack, or similar words again. Because you see, words can kill even more efficiently than swords. They can kill souls . . . and a dead soul is such a tragic thing. God help him who kills it.

I remember my utter confusion, when in order to get a job as a sales-clerk in a store, I had to list my religion. What did it matter, thought I, that I am a Roman Catholic? Will I sell better . . . or worse . . . because of my faith? But that was only the beginning. As days went by in my new job, I found that the unity of Canada was strained because people who worshipped the same God in diverse manners were suspicious of one another. That language and ancestry begot divisions . . . that race and color mattered.

That many jobs were closed to Catholics here, to Protestants there, to Jews and Negroes most everywhere. I COULD NOT, WOULD NOT, BELIEVE THIS. But I had to. That is when I really began to worry, began to think that my beloved Canada was sick, and to wonder how I could help to nurse her back to health . . . for of such wounds totalitarianism is born.

If ever there was a time when all of us Canadians should be one in spirit, in the love of each other, and of our land, and of God, it is today . . . when the dark shadows of a third world war hang over us all. Let us heal ourselves. Let us show the world that A BROTHERHOOD OF MAN UNDER A FATHERHOOD OF GOD is possible, so that looking at Canada, the newcomers—and the whole world with them—will say, as even the

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ON THE CREDIT SIDE

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banks, to serve the people in their credit needs. (Don't get me going on that subject because I am likely to become eloquent.) Calmly I can answer your query by saying that credit unions are more adapted to the needs of the people who save small amounts at a time or who wish to have small loans. There is a big difference in the two institutions, you know.

A credit union promotes systematic thrift by requiring its members to save convenient amounts each week, or periodically. A bank does not do this. The credit union serves the people in a specified area, such as a parish, or in a group of farmers, or workers in a factory.

There are no costly offices, or office furniture and no paid officials, except, perhaps, a treasurer, who will never become rich on the salary he receives. Loans are made to members only. You don't have to mortgage your grandfather's castle in Gloc-ca Morra to obtain a loan. An honest name is sufficient. In a regular bank, that won't get you anything. In a credit union, loans are made for provident purposes such as paying the grocery bill, the rent, spring seed, a necessary car, the expenses of a new arrival, new furniture, a holiday.



SAINT TERESA of the Child JESUS

No, Not So

Credit unions are controlled by the members on the principle of one member, one vote. Character, honesty, and industry are the only requirements for membership, along with membership in the group to which the credit union applies. After all expenses are paid and reserves for education put aside, all profits return to the members. It is not so in a regular bank.

Members invest in shares and that is how the capital of the organization is assembled. Each share is worth five dollars and can be paid at once or in instalments. One continues to buy shares. One share gives the privilege of membership, which entails the opportunity of borrowing immediately. The money accumulated through shares is of great benefit to the community. It does not take long, after the people have caught the idea, to gather together a large fund, which remains in the community, circulating there for pros-

THE B's CORNER

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it. But it was quite a different thing to put the words into practice . . . to wear that livery of obvious public poverty!

Finally I did put it on . . . I think now that with this gesture, I somewhat really cut myself off from that WORLD mentioned so many times in the gospels as opposed to Christianity. God's grace helped me, a sinner. Yet even unto this day I have never found it easy to beg, though I still am at it.

No, it is not easy to beg. Not easy to ask in the midst of a destroyed and hungry world for money to run a Friendship House in Combermere. For this House is so beautiful, so comfortable. Alas, one cannot eat beauty, nor comfort. And wood to heat the house must be paid for. It takes FORTY CORDS TO HEAT THE PLACE. And that means two hundred dollars.

Seeds for the garden . . . fertilizers . . . tools . . . all must be bought . . . and paid for. And as I wrote in April, buildings must go up . . . a woodshed, an ice house, a cottage to house workers and visitors, a pig sty.

Fancy begging for cash for such unromantic things! Is there a soul who will not understand that a pig sty means a pig? A pig means MEAT—pork that will cost ten to fifteen cents a pound, as against forty to forty-five cents if bought in the market places. That means food, and a saving of cash for us, through the whole winter. But how to explain that this is essential? How to put it across? Yet it is a MUST if we are to work for the Lord in this distant part of Canada.

Faced with these difficulties . . . I have made St. Joseph my partner. Isn't he the Protector of the Church? That means me too. And isn't he a carpenter? And who better than he would know about buildings and the like? And wasn't he the Provider of the Holy Family? So I have put all my needs into his hands . . . and asked him to explain them to such as he chooses. He knows best . . . Please St. Joseph . . . do your stuff.

I am making a collection of little statues of Our Lady. If you have one extra, or one you do not need, please send it along . . . and if anyone has a small statue of St. Joseph . . . oh, how I would like that.

You see what happens when I start begging. It is hard to start . . . but I guess almost harder to stop.

CHRIST IN WOOLWORTH'S

I did not think to find you there, Crucifixes large and small, Sixpence and threepence on a tray Among the artificial pearls Paste rings, tin watches, beads of glass.

It seemed so strange to find You there Fingered by people coarse and cross Who had no reverence at all. Yet what is that that You would say?

"For these I hang upon my cross Though heedlessly they pass Me by."

Dear Lord forgive such fools as I Who thought it strange to find You there

When You are with us everywhere. —Teresa Hooley.

perity and under the ownership and control of the people who belong to the credit union.

What To Do With "Mike's" \$500,000

There have been a number of women interested in the problem of "Michael Kase," the bachelor with a big farm and a half million in cash, of whom Fr. W. C. Dwyer wrote in the March issue of Restoration.

And there have been many suggestions.

One woman suggests he fly to New York to meet a certain young lady who has "the most beautiful blue eyes."

There were, naturally, suggestions that he make donations to various charities; and that he set aside some of his acres for displaced persons "who will be brought over from Europe." And—well, here's a letter from a young lady of Edmonton, Alta., with a novel idea. It is too long to publish in full, but well worth quoting, in part.

"Start a 'Boy's Town,' or a 'Young People's Town' for boys and girls regardless of race, color or creed . . . He can take these lads and lassies from the slums . . . He should, of course, find himself a wife . . . one who loves this work . . ."

"Perhaps you will raise the question of how to find this wife . . . God will show him the way to her door."

All the letters received have been turned over to Father Dwyer, who will present them to Mr. Kase. That young man will make his own decision, eventually, of course.

But wouldn't you too like to help him reach that decision?

LITANY OF OUR LADY OF HAPPY DELIVERY

(for private use only)

Lord, have mercy on us.
Christ, have mercy on us.
Lord, have mercy on us.
Christ, hear us.
Christ, graciously hear us.
God the Father of heaven, have mercy on us.
God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.
God the Holy Ghost, have mercy on us.
Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy on us.
Holy Mary.
Chaste daughter of the Father,
Chaste spouse of the Holy Spirit,
Chaste Mother of the Son of God,
Vessel of election,
Throne of the divine Majesty,
Tabernacle for the divine Word,
Chalice of the divine Life,
Mother of God,
Mother of the Infant Christ,
Consecration of womanhood,
Confidence of Christian womanhood,
Hope of Christian womanhood,
Model of Christian womanhood,
Blessed in thy motherhood,
Inspiration of holy motherhood,
Consolation of motherhood,
Protectress of motherhood,
Blessing of motherhood,
Blessing of all Christian motherhood,
Exaltation of motherhood,
Sanctification of motherhood,
Queen of the most Holy Family,
Queen of chaste family life,
Queen of mothers,
Mother of Mothers,
Mother of Happy Delivery,
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, spare us, O Lord.
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, graciously hear us, O Lord.
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
V. Our Lady of Happy Delivery,
R. Pray for us who have recourse to thee.

THE QUEEN'S WORK, Inc.

PRAY FOR US

COMBERMERE

(Continued from Page Three)

onto, by the railroad tracks; in 135th Street, Harlem, and in Indiana Avenue, Chicago. Clothing for instance is desperately needed by many; good sturdy clothing, especially for children, also shoes for them, and layettes.

The trek from the country to the city is as great here as anywhere else. The need for economic security is as intense. Credit Unions and Producer-Co-ops are of course part of the answer. A novel side to our apostolate is nursing. The nearest doctors are many miles away, the nearest hospital seventy miles. So, remembering that I went to the Montreal General Hospital for nurse's training, I practice it here, thanking God for what skill I have in that line. It is indeed a privilege to nurse the sick in His Name.

However living at Madonna House also means WORK and plenty of it—which is but another form of prayer. This work divides itself roughly in two parts. That of Friendship House proper, and that of chores and housework.

Among the first is—

The publishing of this Catholic Action paper, RESTORATION. This in turn means writing articles, editing, proof-reading, and making up the paper, not to mention entering subscriptions, keeping books, and mailing.

The operating of a Clothing Room from which the needy can get good second-hand clothing. (We need these SO MUCH... please send us some). Before clothes can be given out—they must be sorted, hung up and "acknowledged," that is the donors must be thanked and the gifts recorded.

Running two Catholic Lending Libraries, one for children the other for adults, is another service we offer the Community; and everyone knows how much work the classifying, cataloguing, sorting and writing of cards means.

The Children's Story Hour, held every third Wednesday of the month, is our delight, and I frankly confess that I like baking hundreds of cookies for the cocoa that follows it. If any of my readers has fancy-cookie-cutters and wants to dispose of them, please send them right up. A child's heart delights in nice fancy-shaped cookies.

Then there is the CORRESPONDENCE! God has been good to me. For He has given me a neighbor, Mrs. Ralph Jenkins, who, though the busy mother of two delightful boys, finds time to take my dictation. God bless her. She helps much to speed on their way the 8,000 letters that come to my desk each year.

If I add lecturing to this, and writing articles for

Friendship House News, our U.S.A. publication, and various Catholic Magazines, and the work entailed by my membership in several Clubs which help this Community, then the primary works of Friendship House will be covered. For the time being. In the future there is the Handicraft Center, a Summer school of Catholic Action... and maybe some day Credit Unions to revive and the forming of Co-Ops.

The chores and housework... well that is the second part. Here, as in all the above, I have help. Before Eddie had his heart attack he was the "outdoor man"—he brought in the wood, cleared the snow, lighted the furnace. Who is going to do it all now? Well, I leave that too to St. Joseph. (I am making a novena to St. Joseph for Eddie's recovery, for funds... ours are SO LOW... and for some young husky man who sees the need of humble tasks in the Lay Apostolate.)

We have two helpers now. One, Flewly, is a pioneer of Friendship House. She started with it in Toronto and has been with us ever since. She is the invaluable mainstay, the lovable, gay friend and co-worker without whom, I guess, there would not be a Madonna House. She can turn her hand to anything and everything, and do it perfectly. And recently our little family added a new and beautiful member, Rita Perrier, one of our local belles of eighteen summers. She is quick to learn all our techniques and works and is fast becoming invaluable in our office.

Still the housework and the chores are manifold. For there is the cleaning and laundering, cooking, and ironing, and THERE IS GARDENING. I never knew five acres was so much land. But we are glad we have it. For we need a big vegetable garden to have enough of its products for the winter. Yes we can our own. We are building a pig sty. Our last pig survived primitive conditions and kept us in meat (200 lbs of it) all winter. But the newcomer this spring must have better quarters. Bees are arriving soon, and there is an orchard and a berry patch. All this means seeding, cultivating, etc. And there are the three inescapable meals to cook. I am the cook. So chores there are aplenty.

Prayer naturally forms part and parcel of our living. Mass, Prime, Compline, a visit to the Blessed Sacrament—our parish Church is but two city blocks away from us—the Rosary at night, a short meditation in the morning, such is our usual prayer life. But to those who work for God all goes together and becomes a prayer.

YES ONCE UPON A TIME I DREAMED A DREAM... AND GOD IN HIS GREAT MERCY AND IN HIS OWN GOOD TIME, MADE IT COME TRUE... ALLELUIA!

Rural Delivery

So many have been the comments of our readers that we are starting this new column. We feel both happy and humble before their praise, but should adverse criticism come our way we will publish it too, for this Column is open to anyone wishing to use it. Please do.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Doherty. I have perused the first number of RESTORATION. And I offer you my congratulations and my blessing, that the mustard seed you are planting in Combermere may grow up into a great and flourishing tree. Never before in the history of mankind has there been so urgent a necessity for the restoration of peace and love amongst people of good-will as is called for today in this stricken and bleeding world, in order that the fruit of God's justice may become a reality.

I recommend without hesitation to the Clergy, Religious Communities, and the Faithful of the Pembroke Diocese your timely publication and I pray the Holy Spirit to guide your pen in placing before our Christian people here and elsewhere the true social and economic principles upon which rests the Brotherhood of man, under the Fatherhood of God. With every kind wish for 1948. Yours faithfully in Christ, WILLIAM J. SMITH, Bishop of Pembroke.

Was very astonished to hear of this Combermere venture! But I never have been the last to sympathize with a new work for God. May He bless you!—Rev. J. J. Sammon, P.P.P.Q.

May I congratulate you, your husband, and "Flewly" on a splendid job and assure you of my best wishes in the new venture, and perhaps more to the point my willingness of doing some active soliciting of subscriptions for you here in Eastern Canada.—A. Green, Cornwall, Ont.

Your magazine, or I should say your Paper is TOPS. Am glad the work is spreading more and more... will remember you and it at Holy Mass.—Rev. Fr. Adrian, Honolulu.

RESTORATION is GREAT... I would love to see it grow fast... May I help a little by getting you new subscribers?—Anthony Constable, Geneva, N.Y.

A copy of your Little Paper came my way. I am pleased with your endeavors on behalf of the Faith and enclose a subscription.—Rev. Vincent Morrison, Chinese Seminary, Toronto.

Please accept my congratulation on the work you are doing. It was good to see a new publication appear and you are making a good job of it. We wish you every success.—Rev. J. G. Hanley, Canadian Register.

RESTORATION gave me so much pleasure that I want others to enjoy it, so here goes—my own subscription and two others.—Mrs. F. Grey, Boston.

Thanks for RESTORATION. It is wonderful. Am enclosing money for a subscription.—Sister Christine, Kansas City.

When your little newspaper came I intended to drop you a line of encouragement... but was delayed. I managed however to get the name RESTORATION included in the February issue of the CATHOLIC DIGEST. My best wishes for the good work you are doing.—Rev. L. Gales, C.D.

We have received two issues of RESTORATION and enjoyed them very much. I hope you will see the day when it will be in EVERY Catholic home in Canada.—Mrs. O'Halloran, N.S.

Enclosed is a dollar for a subscription for RESTORATION. It is a dandy little paper and I hope it will really spread through Canada. Perhaps if you are agreeable we could find ways and means of promoting the cause of RESTORATION at our Study Week.—Michael Rogan, St. Peter's Seminary.

Enclosed is a cheque for \$115.00 for that many subscriptions to RESTORATION from the students and Faculty Members of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

CANADA'S HOSPITALITY

(Continued from Page Three)

pagans of old—"LOOK AT THESE... HOW THEY LOVE ONE ANOTHER!"—And who knows—our example may restore all things, the world included, to God Who made it. For love is contagious.

Turn to Him

I know of a personal knowledge so deep, so true, that these new Canadians and their children will want to love Canada with all their hearts. And that the only ones who can turn this love to hate are ourselves. Let us be careful, for God is placing them into our keeping. Let us turn our faces to Him, so that they who come to us, and may have lost Him in the stygian darkness of terror and concentration camps, may find Him again.

Because I spoke English when I came, because my heart was full of love and eagerness to know this new land of mine, I searched and

studied until the history, the ways, the glorious face of the true Canada, were mine. But those who come today may not know the language, nor the pathways that lead to true knowledge. Let us ALL give it to them, as best we can. Don't let us leave it all to the Government. For the displaced persons are people, like you and me. They will learn better from FRIENDS than from officials, no matter how "friendly" those officials may be.

If we do, then they will become true Canadians... maybe in years to come, in a time of need, many another mother will receive the sort of letter I once received from my son. It was in 1939. My son was 17. His letter, in part, read: "Dear Mother, I know this letter will be hard for you to take. Yet take it you must. I want you to sign a paper that will allow me to enlist."

"Remember you have told me over and over again about Canada, how you loved it, how it gave you a place on which to lay your weary head... how it became for you a haven of refuge... and gave you all the rights and privileges of freedom and citizenship. Remember too that I was born here because of these gifts. A Canadian. A free man. Such gifts, mother, have to be repayed. You have tried to repay, and still are trying. But I know of only one payment that will sort of square us... and that is the offering of all I have—my life. "Will you join me in it? Then please sign the enclosed..."

I SIGNED.

THE ROSARY

(Continued from Page Two)

Rosary shall find during their life and at their death the light of God, the fulness of His grace, and shall share in the merits of the blessed.

9. I will deliver very promptly from purgatory the souls devoted to my Rosary.

10. The true children of my Rosary shall enjoy great glory in heaven.

11. What you ask through my Rosary, you shall obtain.

12. Those who propagate my Rosary shall obtain through me aid in all their necessities.

13. I have obtained from my Son that all the confreres of the Rosary shall have for their brethren in life and death the saints of heaven.

14. Those who recite my Rosary faithfully are all my beloved children, the brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ.

15. Devotion to my Rosary is a special sign of predestination.

In the final apparition at Fatima, in October, 1917, the Blessed Virgin described herself as the Lady of the Rosary. Throughout the course of these apparitions, her constant plea was that the Rosary be said often and well.

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